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No. 3. PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 10. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 3.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.—*Continued.*

IN addition to the sources of supply to the Chicago Fair, as detailed in our previous number, large quantities of ready-cooked food were sent from various parts of the country, notification of the time when it might be expected having been previously mailed to the Committee. Michigan sent immense quantities of the finest fruit, a dozen times as much as was required by the exigencies of the refreshment tables. Grundy county, Illinois, sent game almost exclusively, nicely cooked and carefully packed, and forwarded with such dispatch that it had hardly time to cool before it was delivered by the express. Elgin, Illinois, from her abundant dairies, supplied a large proportion of the milk used during the Fair—her "milkmen" calling regularly at the dinner-hour with overflowing cans. Nor must we omit to mention the generous manner in which Dubuque came to the help of the dining hall.

The Dubuque ladies who visited the Fair during the first week learned that there was a scarcity of poultry pledged for certain days of the week following. They hastened home, and set themselves about making up the deficiency. Two or three of their best "shots" were instantly set off "gunning." A general raid was made on the hen-coops, turkeys were begged or bought by the dozen, and on the days when they had promised edibles, they sent to Chicago over one hundred turkeys, two hundred ducks, and nearly as many chickens, exquisitely cooked, which were carried, piping hot, from the kitchens to the express car.

There were many incidents at the Chicago Fair full of the tenderest pathos, as illustrating the strength of that sympathy which in this war binds together citizen and soldier, woman and her brave defender. We have room here for only one of these thrilling scenes.

It had been determined to give a grand dinner on the last day of the Fair to the soldiers. There were about six hundred, in all, able to be present, and many others, too feeble for the excitement, who remained behind. Public announcement of this intention having been made, donations of refreshments of the most exquisite character—rare fruits, ices, jellies, game and ornaments for the table—were sent to the Hall in great profusion. Such a furore of preparation as that morning witnessed! Fresh, spotless table linen was sent for—ladies ran hither and thither, rifling hot-houses of their flowers, plate-chests of their silver, and hunting and devising patriotic ornaments—the best Band in the city was summoned—the Hall was redecorated, and made more attractive than ever—the pretty waiter girls made their toilets anew, and took their places behind the chairs, each as radiant as Hebe.

At twelve o'clock, precisely, all being in readiness, the doors were opened, and the dear guests of the day marched into the hall—a bronzed, scarred, emaciated, halt, blind, deaf, crippled, skeleton corps, some without arms, some without legs, some swinging themselves painfully on crutches, and some leaning feebly on those stronger than themselves, all bearing with them touching evidences that they had suffered for their country. "Brave boys are they!" crashed the band; ladies waved flags and handkerchiefs, and, according to the programme they had marked out for themselves, essayed a cheer, which was drowned in sobs, as they beheld the poor boys who were their guests. After dinner, when they had sung all their songs, "Let us not forget our dead," said the Chaplain; "they who went out with us to the conflict, but whose slumbers on the battle-field shall not again be broken until the *reveillè* of the resurrection morn shall awake them."

And all stood in solemn silence, with uncovered heads, while the band wailed forth a dirge for those to whom God had granted a discharge from the conflict, and promoted to the ranks of the crowned Immortals. A doxology was the fitting close to the hour, and a thousand or more of voices joined in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to grand Old Hundred—and then, with swelling hearts, and quivering voices, and tremulous claspings of the hand, and broken words of thanksgiving, the boys slowly took their departure. "Oh, we are not worthy of this," they said; "we have not earned such kindness—but on our next battle-field the memory

of its success. Ocular proof must be afforded, which would place its perfection beyond dispute. Indeed, I am authorized to offer you the very best place in the Fair, the most prominent and conspicuous position, if you can make good your title to what you claim, by flying through the air from Schraalenburgh to our Fair in Logan Square, in Philadelphia. Do this and your name will be immortal. Unless proof like this be offered, we must decline to receive at the Fair a Flying Machine that cannot fly.

Hoping to hear of your success, if not to see it,

I remain, yours, &c.,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS,
Secretary.

FAIRINGS.

At length the solemn days of preparation are ended, and the veiled glories of Logan Square open to the searching gaze of the eager public. Not yet, however, has the vulgar eye of the "common herd" rested upon the marvelous wonders of the place, for only those privileged ones, who held in hand the "open sesame" of a two dollar ticket, could partake of the original beauty and freshness of the great exhibition on the first day. So the hungry, gaping crowd gathered around the outer gates and peered wistfully through the iron bars to catch a glimpse of the splendor within, while a large detail of that essentially American element, "small boy," did voluntary picket duty wherever a neighboring fence offered a transitory perch. Tuesday afternoon the incessant human tide rushed from all avenues of the city in the direction of this last great wonder.

Once fairly inside the charmed gates, and a spell of enchantment seemed to pervade the place. Up and down the long corridors poured the never-ending stream of active life. The low murmur of voices rose on the air, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Dazzling draperies in national colors lined the walls, beautiful fabrics and articles of varied manufacture loaded the tables on every side, and the ladies reigned supreme over all. The ladies! dear, delightful creatures, how they did possess and pervade every nook and corner of the place. Rosy faces, wreathed in smiles, beamed invitingly behind the counters, dainty fingers toyed with ribbons and laces, and bright, bewitching eyes gleamed saucily out from every sheltering pillar, bush or flower. Very charming they were, (though very unconscious they appeared, (in their neat white waists with gaily colored scarfs. The "presiding angels" of one department wore tiny muslin caps with trimmings of lovely blue, little fluttering, fairy-like creations, half girlish, half womanly, sending palpitations to the masculine heart, which obstinately refused to be comforted. About the fair group gathered the fascinated occupants of broadcloth, in a crowd so dense as to be almost impenetrable.

But I should not in these days do justice to the ladies should I neglect especial mention of the "coiffures." In fact, the manner in which the feminine head is developing into hair, recently, is positively alarming. "Alps on Alps arise" in the present *mountainous* style of arrangements for this "crowning glory" of womanhood. Rippling waves, forced into unnatural channels by cruel crimping pins, are tressed up high above the brow, and at the back depends a stupendous "cataract," or at the least, a moderate "waterfall." Of course that original developments of natural scenery were not wanting at the Fair. Coiffures I saw which seemed the embodiment of the dying agonies of a race of defunct hairdressers, but the most remarkable development of this art was achieved by a young lady of light complexion in an entirely successful representation of that state of "untrammeled nature" usually acquired by wearing tresses which have been undisturbed by comb or brush for three consecutive weeks.

But to return to the Fair. In the department of Arms and Trophies, the warning placard, "hands off," was everywhere conspicuous, and so, of course, many a man, as he passed along, tried his knuckles gently on the great cannon, essayed to lift the heavy iron balls, laid his fore-finger cautiously on gilt sword-handles, and raised the little sand-bag which completed the northeast corner of the miniature fort, until the white muslin of the latter was turned to blackness by contact with polluting fingers. In vain I tried to force an entrance into the coveted Floral department. The stout youth who guarded the portal, eminently fitted for his post, with Spartan firmness denied the potency of my season ticket until the opening exercises should be concluded. So I pocketed my chagrin and my card, and beat an inglorious retreat to the Union avenue. High up in the regions of air, (very bad air,) a manly figure, with outstretched arms, was just discernible, and the occasional accents of a "still small voice" reached our ears, borne above the ceaseless hum of conversation. There was a burst of martial music—an ominous silence—a startling crash—a concluding cheer—and the "Great Central Fair" was open.

NUTMEG.

THE COST OF SANITARY SUPPLIES TWO YEARS AGO AND NOW.

Of every $100,000 worth of supplies sent by the Sanitary Commission to the army two years ago, $90,000 worth came directly from the people, without any *money* cost to the Commission.

At the present time, of every $100,000 worth of supplies sent by the Sanitary Commission to the army, at least $80,000 worth must be bought with ready money. This condition of things arises from the fact that the homes themselves, by constant giving from material on hand, have become exhausted, and the people, who have contributed so largely to the "Sanitary Fairs," feel much less called upon than heretofore to go outside of their homes and purchase material.

Hence, assuming that during the coming six months the Commission find occasion for distributing an amount of goods equal to that distributed last year, in the corresponding term of time, the money derived from all the Fairs, will do no more than carry the Commission through the coming summer.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR:—I ask your advice on a literary subject. I am writing a poem in praise of the greatest General the war has produced, and as I have no weak partiality for any man, and only desire to please the public, I am obliged to make such changes that it really worries me exceedingly. My poem originally began in September, 1861, thus:

Oh! George B. McClellan,
That great little man,
Is marching on Richmond
As fast as he can!

After a while I changed it to:

Oh! George B. McClellan,
That great little man,
He holds back from Richmond
As hard as he can.

I had before long to make another variation:

Oh! General Burnside,
Thou very big man,
Our Lincoln will keep thee
As long as he can!

Before I could get to my second stanza, I found the first would not do, and I wrote:

Oh! fighting Joe Hooker,
That fine dashing man,
He'll drive all before him,
For that is his plan.

In a few weeks it was all over with him, and now I am stuck between two great men, who have really, beyond doubt, distinguished themselves.

Which shall I celebrate? Shall I say:

Oh! Gettysburgh Meade,
That modest, brave man,
He came, saw and conquered,
The Rebels all ran.

Or

Oh! great U. S. Grant,
That wonderful man,
He'll crush the rebellion,
I say that he can.

Now you see, I have through the whole war, stuck at the first stanza. You must allow it to be a striking and extraordinary one. Pray help me to settle on my hero, that I may come to a conclusion by the time peace is proclaimed.

CALLIOPE SMITH.

PRINTED by RINGWALT & BROWN, 111 & 113 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, for the Great Central Fair in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission.

on excellent authority,—none less than our butter-man—that the term is derived from our Pennsylvania German "*reek*" or "*rock*," signifying a smell. "It *do* schmell like avery dings," was his comment.

"How can it smell when it has no nose?" I inquired.

"It schmells through yourn," was the reply. As I have said before—the Dutch are rather stupid.

THE GEOLOGY OF PETROLEUM.

Recent discoveries have fully demonstrated that this world is neither a bubble, an egg, a shell, a fire-ball, nor a turtle, as the ancients asserted, but simply an enormous glot ular bottle filled with oil. The fact that oil springs exist in different parts of the world fully proves this. The light of the stars and planets evidently proceeds from the conflagration in many places on their surface of such springs—a wise provision by which nature compensates for that distance from the sun *which is caused by their remoteness from his influence.*

Nothing is more revolting to the mind of a disinterested seeker after truth,—like myself,—than to witness *selfish* considerations obtruding themselves under the cloak of scientific disquisitions. I may, however, be permitted to state, as a curious little fact of most undeniable authenticity, that the Oil Company of which I have the honor to be President is the ONLY ONE whose well may be described as being the *true opening or neck of the great World-Oil-Bottle,*—those of all other companies being mere pores, as it were, or illegitimate leaks, and liable to fail at any time, prejudicial to the structure of the earth—leaks which an enlightened system of legislation should at once close, and forbid humanity to purchase its oil of any other company than *ours,*—"The Grand Cosmopoleum"—a few shares of which may still be had *at par* by application to me only.

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF PETROLEUM.

This exquisite oil, which may truly be described as Heaven's last best gift to man, will, ere long, be generally recognized as the true Elixir Vitus, or Hygenial Quintescence of Salubrity. Recent experiments have fully demonstrated, that it not only cures instantaneously *eight hundred and thirty-nine* of the worst and commonest disorders incident to humanity, but is *also* good for rheumatism—the aboriginal purpose to which it was first applied by the Seneca Indians—so called for their great wisdom, after the Greek Seneca, the father of their tribe—a wisdom never so manifest as when applied to selling the article as a remedy at *one dollar and fifty cents per gallon,* which they were accustomed to do, some thirty years ago. And yet we call these people *savages!*

Used as a flavor for pudding sauce, the *pure* petroleum is said to sharpen the eye teeth to an unprecedented degree of keenness. Several interesting instances of extraordinary dental acuteness, developed under its influence, were lately pointed out to me—all of them of persons able to get up any amount of bites at the shortest notice; men using it have very frequently set the river a-fire.

From an interesting experiment on a lame duck—so lame that the unfortunate animal could hardly waddle along on the curbstone of Dock street, the following results were noted: After having been operated upon for a rise, the duck at the first dose ascended with great rapidity to the very top of a high ladder, where it quacked aloud three times, "*How's Eddy?*"

"He's coming *to*, I believe," was the answer of the doctor.

"Two and a half, and a half, and a half," cried the duck. On receiving a second dose, it was rapidly transmuted into an enormous *spread eagle*, and winged its way to Wall street, where it was lost sight of.

I should, however, caution the public, that the *only* oil capable of producing *such* results is that drawn from the Grand Cosmopoleum; that of all other corporations being mere impostures and mountebanks, or, as the French term them, Charlotte Anns. And as a man is known by his company, I would hereby caution all respectable citizens against having anything to do with any such fancy characters.

THE POETRY OF PETROLEUM.

Not having much of a turn for poetry myself, I had not expected to say much on this head of my subject. A friend, however, who has been in the East, (not New England, but the Bible country,) informs me that the natives of those regions possess epics on the subject, written by the original EPICURUS himself, celebrating its sanitary qualities. The following translation of a Gum Arabic ballad, which appeared originally in the Mocha *Coffee Gazette*, seems to me to be not without merit:

PETROLEA.

(From the Arabic.)

Strew, strew all your heads with ashes!
  Hold your noses firmly and long!
I sing by the lightning's pale flashes
  A wild and bituminous song.

The wind of the desert is sweeping
  Like fire by the dead Dead Sea:
There a Dervish appointment is keeping
  With a maiden from Galilee.

Not a breath of a breeze is blowing,
  No waves on the waters fall,
Though a strong smell of Naptha is flowing—
  They said: "We don't mind it at all."

Two dark brown lumps were lying
  Like rocks on the Dead Sea shore,
And while tenderly loving and sighing,
  They sat down there—to rise no more.

For the rocks were of Naptha which would not
  Allow them to stir e'en a stitch,
And seated in concert they could not
  Rise up above Concert *Pitch.*

Then all the disaster comprising,
  They wailed aloud: "Allah is great!
We stick and we stick—there's no rising,
  We stick—and forever must wait!"

There they sat like a lost pot and kettle;
  Their wails o'er the wilderness passed;
They petrified little by little,
  And were turned to Asphaltum at last.

MORAL.

In love, or in turning a penny,
  Always study the field of your luck:
In petroleum and naptha full many
  Ere now, have been terribly *stuck.*

I would remark, in conclusion, that this ballad applies *entirely* to those *unprincipled companies* who endeavor to foist upon the public a *spurious article*, liable to harden, *and utterly unfit for any use whatever*—meaning, thereby, all companies except the Grand Cosmopoleum, which I have the honor to represent.

A few of the remaining merits of petroleum may be briefly summed up as follows. That from *our* well is unrivalled, as imparting a delicious perfume to the pocket handkerchief, and may be applied, with only grateful results, to the brow of beauty. It banishes rats and roaches, being sure death to them, and forms an admirable tooth wash. I have used it in my own family as a perfect substitute for coffee, shoe-blacking, molasses, whisky, champagne, sweet oil, and ink. It is a perfectly insoluble *cement*, and may be used for the same purpose as *any* of the stronger acids. It is for all purposes better than soda, and, combined *with itself* as an oil, forms the best soap in existence. Experiments, the results of which will shortly be published, have in fact demonstrated that, for all earthly purposes, it is superior to *everything*, and must shortly take everything's place.

I would, however, caution the public that these results are only to be obtained from the oil furnished by the Grand Cosmopoleum Company.

OILY GAMMON,
(Late of London.)

GEMS FROM OUR PRIVATE POST OFFICE.

[LOT THE SECOND.]

DELAWARE DEPARTMENT, June 8.

DEAR FANNY: Please answer me two questions: What have you taken in all, to-day? and who has been your best aid?

Yours faithfully, MARIETTA.

Answer.

PERFUMERY TABLE, June 8.

DEAR MARIETTA: A Lemon-ade.

Yours, FANNY.

[LOT THE THIRD.]

UNION AVENUE, June 8.

DEAR JENNIE: Who *is* that handsome young knight errant who brings so many bundles to your table? Ever your ADELE.

Answer.

DEAR ADDIE: Our errant boy.

In haste, JENNIE.

of this day shall make us braver and stronger." The pecuniary success of the Chicago Fair surprised even the most sanguine among its projectors. Instead of $25,000, which was announced in their circular as the sum which they hoped to raise, the amount actually paid into the treasury of the Northwestern Branch of the Sanitary Commission, as the net proceeds of the Fair, was over $78,000. The total receipts were $90,000, and the expenses about $11,400. It should be borne in mind that all this money was used in Chicago in the purchase of supplies, which were forwarded to the front by our agents. Not one dollar ever reached the Central Treasury of the Commission, which has to maintain the vast machinery by which the supplies are rendered available for the purposes designed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FAIR IN NEW YORK.—NO. 2.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

THE ART GALLERY.

Had the Metropolitan Fair done nothing else, the Art Gallery, its "bright consummate flower," would have saved it from disgrace.

There was a long, beautiful room, admirably lighted by day and by night, with not a bad picture in it. There was "every creature's best;" and Mr. COZZENS, one of New York's most distinguished connoisseurs, had made himself, for weeks before, the Orpheus of pictures; for to his music they danced down from their galleries, up the outside and down the middle, cross one and right and left; and if, after all, he did not want them, they danced back again; there, thanks to his admirable powers of persuasion, hung the choicest gems of private galleries (except the Belmont and Aspinwall collections, which, with princely generosity, were thrown open to the public for the benefit of the Fair). There, at the upper end of the hall, was Mr. ROBERTS' splendid picture—LEUTZES' masterpiece—"Washington Crossing the Delaware"—a good picture for faint hearts in these times. There were LEUTZES' superb "Venice Victorious," and his "Bridge of Sighs," as dramatic a picture as the "Duel after the Masquerade," by GEROME. There were the two lovely French pictures of the "Conscript" and the "Return," — pictures which we see off the canvas every day. There was CHURCH'S "Heart of the Andes," which makes one want to stop and pray at the Cross in the Wilderness, thanking God that the world is so beautiful. There was CHURCH'S "Niagara," where you could go bathe your bruised sight, after looking at HICKS' noble picture of "Booth as Iago," which is a blaze of color. There was BIERSTADT'S great Rocky Mountain picture, in which we climb other peaks than those sunny ones, over the heights of Fame. It was my good fortune to hear this superb picture criticised by two distinguished officers of our army, General ANDREW PORTER and Colonel CLITZ, who were familiar with the scenery it represents, and they gave it unqualified approbation as truthful in general effects. There was BAKER'S "Blonde," "a creature," I should say, decidedly "too good for human nature's daily food," for how a man could go down town with *such* a wife to look at—but we must not linger.

The Art Gallery alone would make a book. There are probably no men who have a more enviable position in their own city than the New York artists. They *are* prophets in their own country. Church, Huntington, Kensett, Gifford, Bierstadt, Leutze, Lang, Hart, Casilear, Haseltine, Ehringer, Stone, Baker, Hicks, Dix, Hays, Hall, Whittredge, McEntee, and many others, are not only "names of high renown," but every one indicates a patriot and a gentleman. Their gifts of time and talent to this Fair cannot be estimated by dollars.

In fact, the utter absence of personal selfishness in men to whom "time was money," was most auspicious. Outside of the roll of artists were many like Mr. COZZENS, who gave up most important avocations to attend to the self-imposed duties of the Fair. Mr. WILLIAM T. BLODGETT, Chairman of the "Arms and Trophies," was conspicuous in this way. He first brought together the most wonderful and interesting relics of the war, suggestive and memorial; he then issued a catalogue—itself a wonder; he then tore down from his own walls the "Heart of the Andes;" he gave, what was more important, his time and attention, to the glittering room of which he was custodian, and acted as Treasurer for that and the Art Gallery. In fact, such instances, and the records of other Fairs which are traveling over our own land, recall these lines of GOLDSMITH:

> "So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
> Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
> Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear
> For Honor joins the social temper here.
> Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
> Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
> Here passes current, paid from hand to hand,
> *It shifts its splendid traffic round the land:*
> From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
> And all are taught an avarice of praise;
> They please, are pleased, they join to get esteem,
> Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

Speaking of the "social temper," it is reported to have been lost several times, and the Police Commissioner, Mr. KENNEDY, does not mention it as among the articles found. It is now said that in the "Arms and Trophies," some repartees were made as brilliant and pointed as the bayonets on the walls; be that as it may, it is hoped that "Silence, like a poultice, came to heal the wounds of sound," and that all was forgotten and forgiven.

The company in the "Art Gallery" and in the "Arms and Trophies" was always interesting. Good people came to see good things; you met the friend you had not seen—the friend from another city—from across the water. There was room for little children. You could hold your boy up to look at the torn banners of Antietam, or that which kissed the wave from the mast of the "Cumberland." You could show your girls MARTHA WASHINGTON'S plain gown, and endeavor in vain to make them despise fine clothes. They were depositories of great ideas, these two rooms. In the "Art Gallery" were seen

> "——in bloodless pomp arrayed,
> The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade."

In the "Arms and Trophies" were the dread realities. Here were

> "Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
> Their various arms that glitter in the air.
> * * * * * * * * * * *
> The *Grave* shall bear the chiefest prize away,
> *And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.*"

I turn from these rooms with sorrow. I always left them with regret. They paid their quota of money nobly into the treasury. Many a poor fellow at this moment experiences the blessings which that money has bought, and yet I do not know if that money were the chief or greatest good done by the "Arms and Trophies" or the "Art Gallery," for what man or what woman left either room without a nobler inspiration of Patriotism?

PARAGRAPHS ON PETROLEUM.

BY A DISINTERESTED ADMIRER OF THAT ARTICLE.

THE liberality to the Sanitary Commission, which has been displayed by the gentlemen engaged in Petroleum—the irresistible tendency of that article to rise from the bottom of Pennsylvania meadows to the summit of the stock market—and finally the very perceptible smell of several thousand rock-oily barrels, within a few squares of the "Great Central," induces me to lay before my *Fare* readers a few remarks on that spontaneous oleaginous natural product—to which I have referred only four times in the course of this sentence!

DERIVATION OF THE WORD.

PETROLEUM, or Rock Oil, is so called—according to a very intelligent and, apparently, self-educated drayman, whom I found transporting the article—"from the way the barrels of it *rocks* when you rolls 'em along"—"rocking," as I ascertained, being a technical term expressive of the gurgling and shifting of the fluid after much leakage. The organic definition or derivation of the word, current in Third street, declares, however, that it comes from the vast amount of *rocks* (or *money*) which have been accumulated by the purchase and sale of certain stocks based upon this slippery substance. I am, however, informed

SONG OF THE CROAKER.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp,
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak. croak
When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foeman's power is broke,"
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and dun;
And croak, croak, croak
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of Right
Are driving the hosts of Wrong,"
But he gives his head an ominous shake
And croaks out "*Nous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp
And the happiest life accursed.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by and bye.

Farewell to the dismal frog,
Let him croak as loud as he may,
He cannot blot the sun from heaven
Nor hinder the march of day.
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak
Till the world seems but a tomb.

Very *apropos* indeed to this poem, though different in "treatment" is the following, translated from Gœthe by the Reverend Professor F. H. HEDGE, who contributes it to *Our Daily Fare:*

THE CROAKERS.

[From Gœthe.]

The pond in the meadow was frozen tight,
The frogs beneath, in a doleful plight,
Could no more leap as they had done,—
Their gambols stopped, and all their fun.
Half numb, they murmured dreamily
What they would do when they were free.
Once clear of winter's icy yoke,
They promised never more to croak;
No more in concert would they rail,
But each should sing like a nightingale.
The south wind blew, the ice gave way,
The frogs once more could frisk and play.
They stretched their limbs, they leaped ashore,
And they—croaked as drearily as before.

THE FAIR AT NIGHT.

After the brilliant assemblage of last evening, no person can doubt the success of our great Fair. The crowd was immense, and established clearly that few persons were affected by the senseless rumors set afloat so industriously by indisposed persons.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The William Penn Parlor and the Department of Facts, Fancy, and Gossip.

THE temporary closing of our Great Fair, on Wednesday afternooon, enabled the mechanics to finish up their work, and the various Committees to perfect their arrangements; and everything having been put in order, the Fair opened yesterday morning, with everything in "apple-pie order," and with no fear of any further hitch in the working of the newly-fledged "institution." Yesterday morning at the appointed hour (ten o'clock) the doors were thrown open to the public, and that "many-headed," sensible noun of multitude took prompt and general advantage of the opportunity afforded it to witness the grandest scene that Philadelphia ever offered for exhibition or patronage.

As the Fair is principally of Pennsylvania growth, we have thought it proper to give an early description of the

WILLIAM PENN PARLOR.

When the idea of getting up a parlor in the style of the days of the great founder of the State, and the storing it with relics of WILLIAM PENN and his time, was suggested, the carrying out of the plan was entrusted to the following named ladies and gentlemen, who were appointed a Committee on the Penn Parlor:

Committee of Men.—Eli K. Price, Chairman; H. R. Warriner, Secretary; William Garrett, Treasurer; Edward Hopper, Henry C. Townsend, William Garrett, Henry M. Laing, Jesse Garrett, Isaac Serrill, William R. Wister, N. W. Rulon, Charles C. Sellers, R. Coulton Davis, John Sellers, Alfred B. Justis, J. Sidney Keen, Elliston Perot, J. Dickinson Sargeant, J. Dickinson Logan, Charles Pickering, Geo. M. Coates.

Committee of Women.—Miss Ellen M. Price, Chairman; Miss Elizabeth S. Garrett, Treasurer; Miss Elizabeth Pennock, Secretary; Mrs. Henry C. Townsend, Mrs. Henry C. Lea, Mrs. Dr. Hughes, Mrs. Josephine Miller, Mrs. Samuel Jones, Miss Anna Matlack, Miss Martha Andrews, Mrs. William Janney, Miss M. L. Taylor, Miss Julia Wiltberger, Miss Alice A. Pearson, Miss Rebecca Judkins.

The "Parlor" is located in a structure built purposely for it, a little to the south of Union Avenue, near its western extremity. There is an anti-room where relics of the past, and photographs of PENN localities and PENN celebrities, are for sale, and where the visitor has to run the gauntlet of a party of fair young saleswomen, who do their best to look becomingly demure; but whose bright eyes will twinkle with fun and mischief, despite the soberness of their calling as outer sentinels of the treasured relics of the most illustrious of Pennsylvania Friends.

Ten cents is the ridiculously insignificant sum charged for admission to the rich antiquarian mine in this department—a collection of PENN Relics more curious and valuable than were ever before gathered together.

First, perhaps, in historical value, comes the belt of wampum which was given to PENN by the Indian Sachems when the Treaty was made under the spreading branches of the great elm at Shackamaxon, in 1682. This belt was retained in the possession of the PENN family in England until within a few years, when Mr. JOHN PENN presented it, in person, to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Then come two original letters of PENN to the Indians, before he came across the sea to visit his magnificent province. One of these letters is so characteristic that we cannot avoid the temptation of copying it literally. It runs in this wise:

LONDON, 18th 8th mo'th, 1681.

My ffreinds

There is one great God & Power that hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I and all people owe their being and well being, and to whom you and I must one Day give an account for all that wee Doe in the world. This great God hath written his Law in our hearts by which wee are taught & Commanded to Love & help & Doe good to one another & not to Doe Harme and mischeif one unto another: Now this great God hath been pleased to make mee concerned in your Parts of the world, and the King of the Country where I live hath given unto mee a great Province therein, But I Desire to Enjoy it with your Love & Consent, that wee may allwayes Live together as neighbours and ffreinds. Else what would the great God say to us; who hath made us not to Devour and Destroy one another but Live kindly and Soberly together in the world? now I would have you well observe, that I am senceable of the unkindness and Injustice that hath been too much Exercised towards you by the People of those Parts of the world who have sought themselves, & to make great advantages by you, Rather than be examples of Justice and Goodness vnto you, which I hear hath been matter of troble to you. & Caused Great Grudgings & Animositys Sometimes to the Shedding of Blood, which hath made the Great God Angry. But I am not such a Man, as is well known in my own Country. I have great Love and Regard towards you, and I desire to win and gain your Love and ffreindship by a Kind Just and Peaceable Life: & the People I send are of the same mind and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly and if in anything any shall offend you or your People you shall have full and speedy satisfaction for the same by an Equall number of Just men on both sides that by no means you may have Just occasion of being offended against them. I shall shortly Come to you myselfe at what time wee may more ffooly and largely Conferr and Discourse of these matters; in the mean time I shall send my Commissioners to treat with you about Land, and a form of League of Peace. Let mee Desire you to be kind to them & the People, & Receive those Presents & tokens which I have sent to you as a testimony of my good good will to you & my Resolution to Live Justly Peaceably and ffreindly with you. I am your Loveing ffreind,

WM. PENN.

ffor the King or Kings of the Indians in Pennsilvania.

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 10, 1864.

OUR SECOND DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

A FAIR is not a bad sort of thing. As we have had occasion to remark, if you are on committees, and, like pianos and men, have legs, it is pretty severe at first, but you soon get used to it. Women, of course, cannot suffer in the way I have mentioned, and probably have no disagreeable associations connected with Fairs on that account. They have, however, certain enjoyments, which accounts for their fondness for them, without resorting to the deep physiological reflection which just occurred to us. They are, I think, much more sociable, more trusting, and equally as fond of excitement as the sterner sex. All these qualities have full scope at the Fair. Put them on committees to attend, and they entwine their arms around one another as if they had been rocked in the same cradle; give them male assistants, and they work them with the same confidence and skill as an accomplished overseer. A man, if unknown, no longer represents an animal against whom all the formalities of social intercourse are to be brought to bear, but becomes a harmless, domesticated creature, who is whistled to as if it was a matter of indifference who he was, if he could only be made useful. Don't do us the injustice to suppose we complain of all this, or the company; we find it quite delightful. There is nothing in the world a man likes more than to be bullied by a woman, provided the woman be not his wife or his sister.

The Roman women, when they celebrated the festival of the Bona Dea, turned all the men out of the house, considered them not of the slightest moment whatever, and would permit them to take no part in their ceremonies. In the present day our Fairs seem to have taken the place of these festivals; but the women, with more tact, do not turn out the men, but make use of them. We men do precisely what the Roman men did—we submit.

There is a certain absence of the formalities, which is probably a necessity of city life, that is really very pleasant. It is more like the intercourse at a watering place; in fact, the scene sometimes reminds us of the ocean at Cape May at bathing time. The variety of the costumes, the jostling, the pushing, the good humored faces, all bent on enjoyment, and the good-natured fellowship only require a breaker to surge through the grand arch-way to complete the picture. We think, that in leaving town in summer, it is the change of air that benefits us; of course it has its effect, but after all it is more the interruption of the monotonous current of our lives that does us good. Nothing is so trying to the mind or body as the eternal repetition of the same thing; and we venture to say, and we do say it with great pleasure, that the public-spirited men, who have devoted so much time to this great work, to the exclusion of their ordinary business, will be rewarded, after having recovered from their fatigue, by finding that they go back to their affairs with their minds brightened, and with their spirits improved.

WHAT'S THE MATTER.

It is a rare thing to find a daily newspaper embarrassed by its overwhelming success. "On the contrairey," as the genial SAMUEL WELLER used to observe, "quite the rewerse." It has happened, however, that just such a bothering piece of good fortune has visited *Our Daily Fare*. At the outset of our enterprise, it was contemplated that the greater part of our edition would be disposed of through the plain and easy channels of its daily sales at the Fair buildings. But subscriptions have come in upon us in such rushing streams from both city and country, that we have been called on suddenly to organize a corps of city carriers and all the machinery for mailing and packing incident to a permanent newspaper establishment of the first class. This has exercised us sharply for a day or two, and "that's what's the matter."

Our clerical staff has been expanded until it looks quite formidable; but large and active as it is, it has been found unequal to the emergency. Very many of our esteemed friends engaged in the excellent and paying work of procuring subscriptions, acted on the sound military principle of keeping heavy reserves. But while that principle is a most salutary one for the army, it is not quite so good for newspaper practice, for these reserves have come down upon us in such masses, at the last hour, as to sweep away all our nicely arranged plans, and to compel us to adopt new ones. And that is a work that no ingenuity can extemporize at midnight.

The necessary auxiliaries, however, have been organized, the ponderous new books have been made out, the machinery is in motion, and by this evening we expect to find it in easy and ample operation. Until to-morrow, therefore, it is hoped that our subscribers will cultivate the sublime virtue of patience, which will be all the easier if they reflect that what has been the occasion of a brief delay to them, has been the means of putting much money in the purse of "the Sanitary" to aid the great cause.

How aptly the following lines from SHAKESPEAR'S King John applies to the soldiers of the Union:

> "——The peace of Heaven is theirs
> Who take up arms in such a cause."

"THE SANITARY" AND "THE CHRISTIAN."

People of active fancy imagine there is some sort of rivalry between these two Commissions. We have witnessed some very lively controversies on this point. An over-zealous youth, of a disputatious turn of mind, on the one side will encounter a sanguine gentleman of combative temper on the other, and they fall to it "pell-mell." But there is no reason in the world for any such argument. The two organizations are in no ordinary sense rivals. Each one supplements a distinct branch of the military service, and together, like the beautiful colors of the spectrum, they complement each other.

This was all explained long ago, but we still find some right-minded, though wrong-headed people, who will persist in confounding the distinct functions of the two Commissions. As far back as December, 1862, Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD issued an order to all the Inspectors of the Sanitary Commission, which set the whole matter in a clear light. In that order he instructed the Sanitary agents to the effect that "the Christian Commission is a body designed to supplement the Chaplain service in the army and navy, as the Sanitary Commission does the medical service."

What can be clearer than that? The two services do not jostle each other in any way, and there is not the slightest occasion for anything like rivalry in the matter. So, let all "perturbed spirits rest."

THE WAY "THE SANITARY" WORKS

The steamboat "Rapley," chartered by the Sanitary Commission, came from the White House on Tuesday night to be loaded with stores. Another steamboat was in process of loading, on Wednesday afternoon, for the White House. Thirty relief agents went down two days ago, and twenty more were to go on Wednesday. About half of these came up as nurses with the wounded on the transport boats. There are over one hundred relief agents at the White House, distributing large amounts of stores, feeding and taking care of the wounded as they arrive at the landing from the front.

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

Many persons entertain the belief that the Liberty Cap was first used in modern times as an emblem of freedom by the French, during the revolution of 1790. This is a mistake, as will be seen by the following proceedings of the Committee of Safety of Philadelphia, organized early in 1775:

"PHILADELPHIA, August 31st, 1775.—At a meeting of the 'Committee of Safety,' held this day, *Resolved*, That OWEN BIDDLE provide a seal for the use of the Board, about the size of a dollar, with a 'Cap of Liberty,' with this motto, 'This is my right and I will defend it.'"

correspondent, "since it was a Philadelphianess who taught it to me."

Among the various things doing or being done for the Sanitary, we cheerfully find place for the following—due to the efforts of certain *demoiselles* whose voices are by no means strange to our ears:

"OUR HEROES AND STATESMEN."

An Album with the above title has been presented to the "Union League," to be disposed of for the benefit of the "Great Central Fair." It contains the portraits of "our Heroes and Statesmen," from WASHINGTON down to Lieutenant General GRANT, and his comrades in arms.

Nothing more in unison with the event of the Great Fair, and of the times in which we live, could be imagined than this Album; and should the Union League not retain this collection of "Our Heroes and Statesmen" as an ornament of its own house, we are sure the Album will become an object of competition in the Fair, to those who may seek there for some memento of permanent interest and intrinsic value..... We call attention to the following:

One of the attractive features of the Department devoted to relics, curiosities and autographs, is the Washington album. The visitor, entering from the horticultural side, will see, directly opposite, an elegantly draped platform, surmounted by an oil painting of the Father of his Country; beneath this is the American Eagle, with out-spread wings, keeping watch upon a magnificent volume spread upon the desk below—this book has been arranged with great care, and contains fifteen original water-color sketches of places associated with the name of WASHINGTON—beside a large number of different portraits of the great patriot, and many photographs of interest connected with his name. The coat of arms of the WASHINGTONS', highly emblazoned, ornaments the first of the book, while inserted in the cover is an authenticated lock of his hair, and an impression from the book-plate used by him. As the leaves are carefully turned by the lady in charge, one sees an original letter of WASHINGTON'S, in fine preservation, introducing one of the nobility of France to our first Republican governor—General MIFFLIN.

As we look again there appears the MS. of Chief Justice MARSHALL, where he relates how their troops left Richmond. Again the autograph MS. of WASHINGTON'S second great biographer is seen, SPARKS. Here WASHINGTON enters Philadelphia in triumphs. And last of all WASHINGTON IRVING'S MS. of his illustrious namesake, gives additional value to what is already priceless.

The markers are appropriately worked, one on ribbon of the Society of the Cincinnati, brought by LA FAYETTE to this country; the other two on WASHINGTON'S colors of scarlet and white, and have appended to them pieces of the Washington elm at Cambridge, carved into the form of his seal.

The whole forms a large Album 17 by 13, and is bound in PAWSON & NICHOLSON'S best style. The colors, scarlet and white, are preserved in the binding, the American shield forming the center, while WASHINGTON'S arms, from which it was probably derived, are in the corners.

It is proposed to subscribe for this album to have it given either to GRANT or EVERETT. A bust of each of these heroes of the sword and pen stand near the tables where the books are open for subscriptions.

Ladies or gentlemen of the various departments of the Fair, who are desirous of having special notices, comments or gossip devoted to their "wares, traps, fixins, stuff, treasures, airthly goods and other terrestrial plunder," —as the Western Sheriff advertised — will please write them out in notes of highly concentrated brevity, and, when convenient, of extreme elegance, and leave them with any of the Daily Fairies at our table—second from the door in Union Avenue. Tinted note-paper is *not* insisted on, though we trust that good taste will prevent the transmission of messages written on the soles of old shoes with chalk—that style of stationery being no longer fashionable, according to Gimbrede and Mason. No charge for "first-rate notices" in this journal.

Persons desirous of permanently increasing the size of their optics are requested to visit the Art Gallery. Even the *Daily Fare* itself—which is never astonished at anything—which dispenses with sleep (more's the pity, by the same token!)—which is, in fact, altogether unastonishable and unearthly, actually experienced a sensation akin to that felt by ordinary mortals when it entered the hall sacred to the Muse of Art, and exclaimed to Mr. HARRISON, "Well, we never!" While gazing at these manifold treasures, we were approached by a mysterious individual in granite *pareil partout*, or "all-over-alike" clothes, who vanished "like a guilty thing," after adroitly slipping into our pocket the following:

RIDDLES ABOUT ARTISTS.

To what painter should you go when your pipe is out? Leutze (Light, sir.)

What painter resembles a red dog?
Ba-ker.

What painter could never be a light weight with hounds? Hunting-ton.

Who is the hardest painter? and who was?
All-over (Oliver) Stone is; Al-ston was.

Who was the warmest painter? Cole.

What painter reminds you of a village?
Dana; because Hamlet was a Dane, and a Daner must be more than a hamlet.

What painter is missed before he goes away?
Hays (Haze).

What painter gave lessons to the great American tragedian? Du-rant.

What painter is the most welcome in winter?
Col-man.

What painter do his brother artists never visit on Sunday? Church.
(Said to be libellous.)

What painter, when melancholy, reminds you of a Scotch air? Lang sighin' (Lang syne.)

[Here *Daily Fare* is supposed to faint.]

Query.—Should Beard be called Baird because he paints bears? Or was he called Beard from painting hares?

[After writing the above, I discovered that it was a couplet.]

What artist's name promises us the most glowing colors? Furness.

And what artist's name reveals a cordwainer? Schussele.
(Popularly pronounced Shoe-seller.)

What artist's name is an adjuration to one of our greatest poets? Ha, Milton!

There—that will do.....If we place the following extremely interesting document in our "gossip," it is that we may have an opportunity of passing a special comment thereon, and of assuring our readers that no contribution to our columns has as yet passed through our hands which we have perused with more interest, or commend more warmly:

AN EPISTLE TO FRIENDS.

WILLIAM PENN PARLOR,
Sixth Month, 1864.

The Committee who have caused the WILLIAM PENN Parlor to be fitted up, have done it, not as representing the Society of Friends, or any portion thereof; but that a part of the Great Fair Building might present an appearance historically commemorative of the early settlers of the Province. Individually many of us are descendants of the early settlers, and have a sincere respect and veneration for the character of WILLIAM PENN and his associates, who instituted the government of the infant Province; and as such we address other individuals, also such descendants, whether in membership with the same religious society or not, asking them to act on their own sense of what it is now their duty to do, in the opportunity afforded to contribute to the relief of the wounded and sick soldiers of the loyal army. This to do we conceive not to become accessary to war or to warlike means or measures; though truly it is to relieve those who have exposed their persons, in defending the Government, to the shot and shell of traitors who have assailed that Government.

Our governments, if any ever were, are of Divine institution; are the protectors of our persons and property, and all that we hold dear, from the confusion of anarchy and the violence of rebellion. The principles of these governments, State and National, owe their origin to William Penn more than to any one who preceded their formation; and when William Penn and his associates put them in practice here, they were reformers nearly a century in advance of all the rest of the world. They certainly placed the highest value upon law and government, as the means of preserving order, security and peace, and all that can advance civilization. The founder of the province declared that "The frame of government," prepared and adopted by himself, "and divers freemen of the province," was formed "to the best of our skill," "to the great end of all government, namely, to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery." And

Speaking of BENJAMIN WEST, we have in the "Parlor" two pictures which were painted by that artist when a boy. They are sorry daubs, but, of course, valuable for their associations. An inspection of them would have added bitterness to the contempt of BYRON, who styled our great Pennsylvania painter, after he had gone to London to ply his pencil:

"————The dotard West,
Europe's worst daub, and poor England's best."

Chester Mills were built in 1682, and WILLIAM PENN, SAMUEL CARPENTER and CALEB PUSEY were all interested in the ownership thereof. A weathercock was put upon the building; it was a skeleton sort of an iron affair, and this vane is to be found in the Penn Parlor. It has the following described letters and figures upon it, held together by iron ribs:

W. P.
S. C. & C. P.
1699.

Near by this relic is a large pewter platter which has engraved upon it the arms of the Penn family. It is now the property of the Schuylkill Fish Company. Judging from the dimensions of this monster trencher, the Penns must have been liberal feeders, for it has capacity for holding a quarter of beef at least.

We cannot give in detail all the curiosities to be found in this most unique and precious collection of Penn relics, and we must, therefore, be content to notice them in brief. There is a wooden mantel-piece which occupied a place in Carpenter's Hall, in 1774, when the first Continental Congress met there; stone axes, made by the Indians; a fire-bucket of the days before Fair Mount and hose companies; an assignment of the province of New Jersey by its then five owners; the signatures of one hundred and sixty-nine Philadelphia merchants attached to a letter of compliment to John Penn, and bearing date 1763; William Penn's shaving-dish and razor; George Fox's burning-glass; portraits of the first two mayors of the City; a handsome model of the Slate Roof house; a curious old British coat of arms of the days of Queen Anne, which occupied a place in a court-room in Philadelphia in colonial times, and which was taken down upon the breaking out of the Revolution; Indian head-dresses, bows, arrows, &c., from the splendid collection of Mr. John H. McIlvain; William Penn's clock, candlestick, looking-glass, &c., &c.; a carved oaken panel from Kenilworth Castle; a pair of high-heeled and silver-buckled shoes made for a young Quaker bride; a painting of the grave of William Penn in Buckinghampshire, England; a portrait of Mrs. Richard Penn, painted in London in 1751; antique chairs almost without number, and an immense variety of other curious matters which, to use a highly original phrase, must be seen to be appreciated. The visitor to the Fair who fails to carefully inspect the curiosities in the Penn parlor, should be the subject of profound commiseration.

The original charter of the city of Philadelphia, which is esteemed more precious than its weight in ten thousand dollar treasury notes, will be found in the Penn parlor. It is usually in the custody of the City Solicitor, and it is rarely suffered to see daylight.

Peter COOPER'S large view of the city of Philadelphia, painted in 1720, will delectate the antiquarian souls of all appreciating visitors to the Penn parlor. There is the city as it stood nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, and a queer looking old town it is, when compared with the present metropolis, which Gothamites will persist in merrily calling "a one-horse town."

The Penn Parlor is particularly rich in the way of original portraits. There are two paintings of Indian Kings which were known to have belonged to the Founder; and the Pennsylvanians of 1864 can form some idea of the fashions prevalent here two hundred years ago by an inspection of the counterfeit presentments of these two royal sons of the forest.

Then we have an original portrait of PENN before he adopted the tenets of FOX, and when he patronized the blacksmith, in lieu of the tailor, when he wanted a new suit, "not to put too fine a point on it," as Mr. SNAGSBY would say. Our illustrious Friend is represented in a full suit of armor, and a plump, good-looking young fellow he is in his iron "fixings."

A very appropriate companion picture to this is an original portrait of Admiral PENN, the father of the last mentioned gentleman. The Admiral looks like a sturdy old Cavalier as he was. At a rough guess, we should judge that the original of the picture, concerning which we are writing, was abundantly able to do his full share with a knife and fork, drain to the bottom a reasonably large tankard of stout English ale, and use some pretty emphatic expletives in case his British marine "hearts of oak," of about A. D. 1660, failed to reef topsails, or perform some other nautical feat, in good season.

BENJAMIN WEST'S great original portrait of PENN'S treaty with the Indians, graces the walls of the PENN Parlor. Here, too, we find an original letter from the distinguished painter, giving a description of an engraved copy of the picture which he painted in England. The letter is addressed to WM. WEST, in Upper Darby, Pa., and (omitting some purely family matters) runs as follows:

DEAR BROTHER:—I could not neglect so favorable an opportunity as this by Capt. FALCOMB, to send you the print of WM. PENN'S Treaty with the Indians when he founded the Province of Pennsylvania. I have taken the liberty to introduce the likeness of our father and brother of Reading into the picture in the group of Friends that accompany WM. PENN. That is the likeness of our brother that stands immediately behind PENN resting on his easel. I need not point out the figure of our Father. I believe you will find some likeness of him in the print tho————have all lost something of that when compared with the original picture. * * * * * * * *

I am, dear Brother, your affectionate,
BENJAMIN WEST.

London, July 12th, 1775.

When you, for the future, write me, direct to Newman street, Oxford street.

The Agricultural Department has already produced its watchword. A gentleman prominent in its proceedings, being asked yesterday if it would be a good thing to buy a few shares in "Reading," replied, "You had better buy some of our shares." "And what are they?" "Plough-shares," was the reply. Two gentlemen claim to have said this. They "go it" on shares..... To produce a perfect delusion, visit the Dutch kitchen, and fancy yourself *am Rhein*, or up in Berks county, which is quite as beautiful a country, though not as fashionable as yet. One of these days the world will find what a lovely land lies hidden in the interior of Pennsylvania, and the *elite* will come from Russia and Paris to inspect the only real fragment of Germany which will be left..... Talking of this county reminds us that the list of articles contributed by Reading in "gallant old Berks," which we have under hand, is extremely creditable, three of the Presbyterian churches in that city contributing in beautiful, useful and fancy work, which is by no means overpriced, $302.80.....To revert to our agricultural friends: one of the most eminent literary men of America, and of New York, calls our attention to the fact that many articles after being planted, undergo the most extraordinary metamorphoses. Thus, for instance,

If you plant	*There will come up*
The Polka,	Ladies' slippers.
"Number Four,"	Ivy (I-V.)
McClellan,	Virginia creepers.
Office-holders,	Celery.
City streets,	Car-rats.
Elbows,	Palms.
Plumbers,	Leeks.
Frogs,	Crocus (croakers).
Tides,	Currents.
Red shawls,	Bulrushes.
A utilitarian,	Art-i-choke.
Peter and Paul,	Twomartyrs (!)

[I propose as an amendment, If you plant tight boots, there will come up corn and toe-martyrs.] [And we propose, yet again, If you plant a copy of Uncle Tom, there also will come up a Tom-Martyr.]

Pet dogs,	Cat-nip.
Lalla Rookh and Pickwick,	Peri-winkles.
A kiss,	Tu-lips.
Herod's daughter,	A red-dish.
Sea sand,	Beeches.
Flirtations,	Pears.
Lucky speculations,	Plums.
Peruvians,	Lima beans (beins).

"Of course you know the game," adds our